

Junior magazine

2007.01.08

CANAL



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Miss Tapper: "What author is known for his vocabulary?"

John Bourne: "Webster."

Gert: "You're so different, honey. My last boy friend took too long to say good night."

"Pete": "Lingered, eh?"

Gert: "No, stuttered."

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CANAL CURRENTS

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MAY, 1936

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Geometry, Business Arithmetic, Household Chemistry

WALTER STAHURA

Biology, Chemistry, Advanced Mathematics

SARAH H. MOODY

History, Latin, Com. Geog.

ALICE G. TAPPER

English, Public Speaking

H. ELIZABETH DILL

History, English I, Civics

ELOISE COMTOIS

French, Algebra

RUTH MARR

Commercial Subjects

RUTH DEXTER

Home Economics

EDGAR L. DEMERS

Physical Education and Manual Training

PAULINE NEWINGTON

Supervisor of Music

JAMES F. PEEBLES

Supt. of Schools

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

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Mrs. Maurice Johnson

Mr. Harold Gibbs

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CLASS OF 1937

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Alumni News Jean Coady
Wit and Humor Lloyd Hendrick
Cesarina Bianco
School News Donald Jacobs
Typists Virginia Handy
Frederick Anderson
Faculty Adviser Alice G. Tapper

DEDICATION



Doctor George W. Dainty

To show our appreciation for his wise counsel and his courageous educational leadership during the past fifteen years as a member of the School Committee, and as the school physician for twelve years, we, the class of 1937, enthusiastically dedicate our magazine to Dr. Dainty.



EDITORIALS

THE BUILDING COMMITTEE

Mr. Moses C. Waterhouse, Chairman
Dr. George W. Dainty
Mr. William O. Eldridge
Mr. John L. Gibbs
Mr. James F. Peebles, Secretary

We are happy to take this opportunity to say a few words in praise of the members of the Building Committee.

After our high school was partially destroyed by fire on June 8, 1934, a Building Committee composed of the above members was appointed to take up the task of rebuilding the old structure and of adding to it.

This new addition, including the gymnasium, makes our school one of the finest in this section of the State.

The result which represents hours, days, and even months of hard work by the Committee, without remuneration, is a source of pride to all our high school students.

PEACE

"Peace hath her victories no
less renown'd than war."

One of the most beautiful words in any language is peace. It has a connotation of happiness, prosperity, and brotherhood among men and nations.

The chief avenue of peace is, of course, arbitration. While intelligent men occupy positions of prominence and importance in our governments, we have little to fear; but when we allow unscrupulous dictators to seize the power, anything can happen.

For centuries a strong armed force has been considered the best assurance of peace. Vegetius' "Que desiderat pacem praeparet bellum" was almost literally echoed by George Washington when he said "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." I doubt not the wisdom and sagacity of these gentlemen, but I do doubt that such a policy is practicable in the twentieth century.

We are sorely beset with grafting politicians and grasping business men who would gladly let slip the dogs of war to further their own selfish interests.

One of the most powerful of lobbyists, one of the most sinister workers of evil, in fact Mephistopheles himself, is the omnipresent representative of the wealthy armament manufacturers. In the recent Disarmament Conference at Geneva, a delegate from a leading power was one of the major stockholders of the Vickers Armstrong Corporation, which is probably the greatest manufacturer of instruments of war in Europe. The time has come in which to destroy these demagogues and Shylocks. While they exist, the very foundation of our civilization is insecure. They must be branded by the public opinion as the murderers they are, and the populace must be educated to the futility and uselessness of war.

The universal adoption of this point of view is probably the only means by which war will ever be abolished. The distinctions between defence and aggression may be so easily confused, and the possession of a strong army and navy for defence makes national honor so ridiculously sensitive, that the country which arms for the sake of making others respect its invulnerability is a constant menace to the peace of the entire world. Reciprocal disarmament will not only never be practicable while this philosophy of national self-preservation is rampant, but the resulting fear complex will promote the armament race ad infinitum.

I firmly believe that the possession of peace is and should be within the power of every nation. In the Great War, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries successfully maintained their neutrality. They preserved their tranquility and in no way sacrificed honor or prestige therein. Let us follow their example.

Mary Colbeth, '37.

THE VALUE OF MUSIC

Music is the art of making pleasing, expressive, and intelligible combinations of tone, according to the laws of harmony, melody, and rhythm.

There are very few people who do not have music of any kind in their daily lives. They may play an instrument, sing, or have a radio or victrola. Those who are too busy to sit down to enjoy it may work with a soft background provided by the radio. Their tasks would seem twice as tiresome and

monotonous without the buoyancy of music. People who think it a crime to listen to good music without giving it one's whole attention have not yet grasped the value of music as a background. We know the dreamy feeling that sometimes accompanies dancing. Try the same thing without music and the couples will soon be ready to drop. Therefore, the more of the dance spirit we can introduce into our daily lives, the further we shall be going towards eliminating the weariness of the grind.

Music is a universal language, understood in all ages by all men. It has always been a source of joy. One quality music possesses which other arts do not is a warm, satisfying friendliness. It has the power to drive men to war, to love, to God. Or it lays hands on troubled spirits to sooth and heal. Although people may not realize it themselves, they want music—music as it shall be had, in the home, a part of the daily life. They want to play, but are often kept back by a notion that to play a musical instrument one must have talent.

As so well expressed by Robert Haven Shauffler, "It takes three to make music:—one to create, one to perform, and one to appreciate; and who can tell which is the most important."

Virginia Handy, '37.

A DARK CLOUD

Along the base of the mountain came a swift ever-gurgling brook. Above the mountain flew an old warrior, the eagle. Above the eagle, the blue of the sky shone softly through the soft mist that tried to camouflage it. Above all this, old man Sol was busy washing this scene in his soft warm glow of sunshine.

Everything was peacefully quiet. Suddenly old Sol seemed to lose strength for his glow weakened, and glancing up one could see the fringe of a dark cloud covering a portion of the sun. Before many minutes had passed the sun was wholly covered. Everything was put into almost total darkness. The brook was silent, seeming afraid to raise its voice above a whisper. The eagle flew no more.

All seemed dead for a moment; suddenly all was pitched into a den of noise; it seemed as if something had been dropped into the gears of Heaven's own machinery. Lightning darted its tongue in and out of the darkness.

It was a cloudburst,—the dark cloud, remember? Floods swept away people, homes, everything in its path. This wrecking of humanity we thought was terrible, dreadful. It was; but we cannot check it. It is an act of God. We thought of it and shuddered; still there was nothing we could do about it.

Yesterday over Europe the sun was shining; the people, light-hearted; everything was rosy. The eagle of Commerce flew the air, the land was brightened with the glow of Peace and Contentment.

Today over Europe the sun is covered with a dark cloud—possible war. If not checked it will wreck humanity beyond possible repair. Yesterday's eagle of Commerce must be kept from darting in and out of the Darkness like lightning and put back in the sunshine of peace.

We can check it. It is not an act of God! Oh, we often wish it were for we know it would not be so unmerciful, so destructive, as in the hands of grasping men.

Anthony Tassinari, '36.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

Do we as students measure up to the standards of Citizenship? Here is a score card. Give yourself 10 points for each question to which you can truthfully answer "Yes."

1. Trustworthiness—Do you keep your promises?
2. Self Control—Do you control your tongue and your temper?
3. Loyalty—Are you loyal to home, your school, and your community?
4. Obedience—Do you obey your father, mother, and teachers promptly and cheerfully?
5. Sportsmanship—Can you win without bragging, and lose without offering excuses?
6. Courtesies—Are you considerate of others?
7. Health—Do you secure the proper amount of sleep, eat the right kind of food, and exercise sufficiently in open air?
8. Team work—Do you get along with other people?
9. Dependability—Can people count on you?
10. Self-reliance—Do you think for yourself?

Reprint from "The Skipper" of Hyannis .



CLASS OF 1937

Reading from left to right:—Front row, W. Young, H. Fisher, J. Gibbs. Second row, P. Gibbs, J. Coady, M. Rovatti, M. Vancini (Sec.), M. Harris (Vice Pres.), G. Ellis (Pres.), E. Dill (Treas.), E. Reynolds, E. Lindberg, L. Barlow. Third row, C. Silva, M. Perry, Y. Querze, G. Pippin, R. Benoit, V. Berry, B. Boyd, F. Brown, I. Borghi, V. Handy, J. Harrison, R. Handy, M. Colbeth, L. Dwyer, B. Wallace, C. Bianco, A. Tapper (Class Adviser, Faculty). Fourth row, P. Sanford, W. Gibbs, F. Eldridge, L. Jacobs, F. Hathaway, L. Taber, A. Wagner, J. Bourne, L. Hendrick, H. Queen, A. Allen, L. Wing, H. Queen, F. Anderson.

CLASS OF 1937

ALLEN, ARTHUR (Art)

Entered from Worcester Grammar School, Worcester, Mass. General Course; Dramatics, "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Football (3).

ANDERSON, FREDERICK

Sagamore Grammar School; General Course; Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Magazine Staff (3).

BARLOW, LOUISE R.

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Basket Ball (3); "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

BASSETT, BARBARA CLAIR (Babs)

Sagamore Grammar School; General Course; Orchestra (1); Glee Club (1, 2); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

BENOIT, RUTH (Toot)

Taunton High School; Commercial Course; Operetta "The Belle of Barcelona" (3); Field Hockey (3); Glee Club (3).

BERRY, VIRGINIA B. (Gin)

Bourne Grammar School; Home Economics (3); Commercial Course (1, 2); Hockey (3); Basketball (3); Cheerleader (3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Cape Cod Symphony (1, 2, 3); Chorus (1, 2).

BIANCO, CESARINA (Chessy)

Sagamore Grammar School; Commercial Course and Home Economics Course; Student Council (2); Magazine Staff (3); Operetta "Captain Applejack" (2); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Glee Club (1).

BOURNE, JOHN B. (Punky)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course (1, 2, 3); Operetta "The Belle of Barcelona" (3); Canal Currents (3); Basketball (Third Team) (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3).

BOYD, BARBARA

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course (1, 2); General Course (3); Operetta "The Belle of Barcelona" (3).

BROWNE, FRANCES (Dynamite)

Bourne Grammar School; Business Course; Graduation Chorus (1).

COADY, JEAN (Gale)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Basketball (3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); President of Girls' Glee Club (2).

COLBETH, MARY (Pick)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Orchestra (1); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Pianist (2, 3).

DILL, EMMIE N. (Tootie)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial and Home Economics Course; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Basketball Team (1, 2); Captain of Basketball team (3); Hockey (1); Captain of Hockey teams (2, 3); Treasurer of Jr. Class.

DWYER, LORENE EVELYN

Sagamore Grammar School; General Course; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Dramatics "Belle of Barcelona" (3); "Pepita" (1).

ELDRIDGE, FRED

Orlando Senior High School, Orlando, Florida; Captain Swimming team (3), (O. H. S.); Sec. Sophomore Class (2); Track Team (1); High "Y" Club (1, 2, 3); Swimming Team (2); Student Council (1).

ELLIS, CHARLES GRANT (Grant)

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course; President of Class (3); Editor of School Magazine (3); Baseball (2, 3); Orchestra (1, 3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

FISHER, HENRY C.

Sagamore Grammar School; General Course; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

GIBBS, PRISCILLA (Pussy)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Basketball (1); Operetta "The Belle of Barcelona" (3); Glee Club, (1, 2, 3); Magazine Staff.

GIBBS, JAMES SPEARE (Jim)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Basketball (3).

GIBBS, WARD

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course.

HANDY, RUTH

Bourne Grammar School; College Course.

HANDY, VIRGINIA LEE (Ginie)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Upper Cape Symphony Chorus (2).

HARRIS, MERLE F. (Pete)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Vice President of Class (2); Vice President of Class (3); Basketball, Varsity (3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

HARRISON, JENNIE L.

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course; Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Graduation Chorus (2); Upper Cape Symphony (2).

HATHAWAY, FRANCIS W. F. (Franny)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Football (3, 4); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).

HENDRICK, LLOYD (Sparks)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course.

JACOBS, DONALD

Bourne Grammar School; Magazine Staff (3); General Course.

LINDBERG, ELIZABETH C. (Lizzy)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Cape Cod Symphony; Graduation Chorus (1, 2.)

PERRY, MABLE (May)

Bourne Grammar School; Home Ec. Course; Field Hockey (3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Graduation Chorus (1); Cape Cod Symphony (2).

PIPPIN, GERTRUDE (Gert)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Basketball (3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Cape Cod Symphony (1, 2, 3); Chorus (1, 2).

QUEEN, HARRY B.

Wareham High School; Commercial Course; Glee Club (3); Basketball (Varsity); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona".

QUEEN, HERMAN (Queenie)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course.

QUERZE, YONE

Sagamore Grammar School; College Course; Shawme Orchestra (1, 2, 3); Operetta "The Belle of Barcelona" (3); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Upper Cape Cod Symphony Orchestra and Chorus.

REYNOLDS, ELIZABETH (Betty)

South Junior High School, Waltham; Commercial Course; Cape Cod Symphony Chorus (1, 2); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Basketball (3); Hockey.

ROVATTI, MARY (Mamie)

Sagamore Grammar School; Student Council (1, 2); College Course; Operettas "Pepita", (1) and "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Graduation Chorus (1, 2); Hockey Team.

SANFORD, PHILIP

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Varsity Basketball (3).

SILVA, CONSTANCE W. (Connie)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Chorus (1, 2).

TABER, G. L. JR. (Bud)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course; Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3); Glee Club (1, 2).

VANCINI, MARY T. (Michy)

Sagamore Grammar School; Class Secretary and Treasurer (1, 2); Class Secretary (3); Field Hockey (3); Household and Commercial Course (1, 2); General and Commercial Course (3); Graduation Chorus (1); Secretary of Glee Club (2).

WAGNER, A. F. (Bud)

Bourne Grammar School; College Course; Class President (33-34); Student Council (33-34); Basketball (1, 2); Football (1); Baseball (1); Magazine Staff.

WALLACE, BARBARA (Bobby)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course.

WING, LESLIE (Let)

Bourne Grammar School; General Course.

YOUNG, WALTER (Walt)

Bourne Grammar School; Commercial Course; Class President (1); Football (2); Football Varsity (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Operetta "Belle of Barcelona" (3).



LITERARY

A PERFECT HOMESTEAD

As the first few crimson and golden rays painted the horizon in the east, announcing an early sunrise, a peaceful and picturesque environment without a doubt would be noticed by a person standing on the precipice which overhung this certain canyon.

Near this precipice a stream of water fell in glistening splendor over the rocky canyon side down to the green valley below, continuing to the other side and disappearing through a narrow pass.

A belt of pines surrounded the valley, continuing up the canyon side. From these tall, graceful trees came a refreshing scent and their gentle swaying brought forth entertaining music.

Near the stream-bed, running through the center of the valley, rested a log cabin, whose fresh logs told of recent birth. From the chimney arose a lazy column of smoke,—the inhabitants were already up. Behind the cabin was another building, about twice as large, where the live stock were kept. To one side stood a long pile of wood cut in cord lengths and near it some split wood.

On the other side of the narrow stream, gained by a small bridge, was a large tract of plowed land, with fresh-cut furrows as straight as a string.

Here was pure cool water, green grass springing forth from fertile soil, a great abundance of wood, a possibility of gold being found in the surrounding land, beautiful scenery and plenty of fresh air. Who could ask for a better home site than nature's grand open spaces?

Grant Ellis, '37.

THE LOG DRIVE

I shall never forget my experience at a "log drive" several years ago in Maine.

The preceding Fall the trees had been cut down, piled up, and taken to the river-side, to be carried down to the mill in the spring.

It is a most thrilling adventure to be awakened very early on a spring morning and hear the bustle and noise of camp. The ice had melted but there was still a little snow on the ground. Men were busy everywhere,—some getting breakfast, others collecting what looked like long poles with big spikes in them. These I later learned were called "peebeypoles." I noticed, too, that the men wore spiked shoes. This was to prevent them from slipping off the logs.

It was a perfect day and as we walked through the woods I felt sorry that those fine, big trees had to be cut down. I was consoled by the thought, however, that new ones were growing all the time.

Upon reaching the river, I was completely overwhelmed at the sight of the great number of logs bobbing in the river. There were so many logs one could hardly see the water. Men were running over the logs, shouting and keeping the logs from jamming by means of their peebeypoles. They had to use dynamite when there was a jam.

I was standing near the bank and the logs were packed to the shore. Now, there is nothing I like better than spruce gum and these happened to be spruce logs. I saw a lovely big log close to the shore and I thought I would see if there was any gum on it. I stepped on it and knelt down to get the gum. I was so busy that I didn't notice the log was slowly moving away from the shore. Suddenly it rolled over and I rolled with it! I realized if I didn't get out of that icy water soon I would be jammed as well as frozen. Holding tight to my log I called for help. One of the men near me heard me and came running. He got me safely out and put me on shore.

It was a wonderful experience, watching the log drive, but for the remainder of my stay at camp I was content to stay on shore!

Louise Barlow, '37.

IN AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

On a night all still and starry
In a garden of the past
There the flowers nodding gently
Are the very, very last
Of that throng that years before them
Danced and shook their heads in glee,
Merry, careless and light-hearted
Yet, these seem as fair to me.
Long ago I saw this garden
When it was the joy and pride
Of a tiny, fair-haired maiden
In the cottage by its side.
In the summer months they blossomed,
Tended by her loving care.
In the winter months she waited
Knowing they were sleeping there.
In the summer they were brightest.
As they were—so was she too,
Bright and cheerful, gay and loving,
Golden hair and eyes of blue.
In the winter they had faded
One by one to fall and die.
And the maiden too lay near them
Underneath the winter sky.
For as Death, the Reaper, gathered them
He took the maiden too.
She, the fairest flower among them
Lily-white and Violet-blue.

Dorothy Ryan, '38.

TELEVISION

Television, I believe, is the most promising and useful experiment of the age.

The American people are apt to think Television is a thing not in use as yet and only in the experimental stage. However, although television is not yet perfected (nothing else is for that matter!) this assumption is entirely wrong. Television is today used in more than ten different departments including the War Department. It possesses more than twenty-five regular broadcasting and experimental transmitting stations and has thousands of regular receivers.

The mechanism of a television transmitter has three separate divisions:—first, the scanning disk which is the old-

est type of input, and corresponds to a microphone in sound. The scanning disk merely separates the picture into strips, one being transmitted after the other. Behind the scanning disk is a large bulb, either a photo-electric cell or a cathode-ray tube whose duty it is to turn the light pulsations seen through the scanning disk upon the image into electro-magnetic current. This current in turn passes through an audio-frequency amplifier, usually stepping it up about fifty times. Then this low frequency current passes into the third and last stage, a radio frequency amplifier, an exciter, and then into an oscillator, and out to the antenna.

The first stage composed of the scanning disk which is continually rotating and the photo-electric cell must be built with utmost precision or else the image will be received distorted due to the deflection of light rays. Of course there is also another transmitter on a slightly different wave length which accompanies the television with sound or voice transmission.

As for the television receiver, first and mainly there is a two-channel short-wave receiver,—one channel receiving voice and connected to the loudspeaker while the other channel is connected to a cathode ray bulb and a lens to magnify the image. There is nothing really complicated in the operation of the receiver; in fact, it operates precisely the same as your home broadcast set except there are two tuning controls instead of one.

Within ten years' time television receivers will be as common as broadcast receivers are now, if not more so. It's a big field of science and here there is opportunity for thousands of research workers and experimenters.

Lloyd Hendrick, '37.

IF

Just think how much the small word "if"
Can mean to us each day—
We use it—oh! so many times
In things we think and say.

It's "If I could," and "If I might,"
We sometimes even boast!
If all your "ifs" could come quite true
Which one would you like most?

Priscilla Davis, '38.

THE BOK SINGING TOWER AND SANCTUARY

Like a great symphony in stone the Bok Singing Tower rises out of the soil of Central Florida on Mountain Lake. Tradition claims that Iron Mountain, on whose summit the Singing Tower stands, was once a sanctuary for the Indians of Central Florida. After the winter vigil of Dark Moon with its ceremonial wailing at Lake Wailes, the tribes worshiped here the rising sun of each new spring.

As we look at the Tower from a distance we perceive an awe-inspiring shaft of pink Etowah and grey Creole marble that seems the soul of majestic tranquility and strength.

In the pool of the Glade the tower is reflected in ever-changing shades of color. The soft blue of the sky, the scurrying clouds, the rose and green of the trees and flowers, and the myriad of light and dark shadows blend to form a glimpse of paradise. The mirror-like surface of the pool is broken only by an occasional bird landing in the water or taking its daily bath.

The sanctuary is located three hundred and twenty-four feet above sea level, and is on the highest point of land in Florida. Fourteen lakes are visible from the sunset plateau and thirty-six can be seen from the top of the tower. A sunrise service to which all visitors are invited is held each Easter morning in the Sanctuary.

The great North Door depicts in yellow brass the six days of creation. The sundial carved on the southern side of the tower indicates the latitude and longitude of Iron Mountain. The table at the base of the dial gives the difference between sun and clock time in this latitude for each day.

All the interior designs and carvings in tile and bronze depict an allegory of sanctuary life and planting. Besides the bell-chamber the tower contains two copper-steel tanks with a capacity of thirty thousand gallons of water used for watering the sanctuary. The Tower rises from its square base fifty-one feet wide to the majestic height of two hundred and five feet.

The stained glass window of the upper chambers is a model of color and splendor; the uppermost section is the largest and most beautiful; the next is smaller, but more intricate; and the smallest is a fancy grill-work design over a small balcony.

The sanctuary bells compose one of the largest carillons yet cast. There are seventy-one bells which cover a range of four and one-half octaves. The best effects of the carillon are obtained at a position about two hundred yards from the

Tower—the side depending, of course, on the direction of the wind. Anton Bree, Bellmaster, is recognized as the master Carillonneur of the world.

The limited description that I have attempted to give does not begin to show truly this marvel created by man and nature. To appreciate the true significance of this wonderful sanctuary, one must visit it. Loring Huntley, '36.

PAPER

Paper is one of the most important necessities of our daily life. We use it for newspapers, books, as a covering for all kinds of articles, and for writing material. If it were not for paper there would be little knowledge of science or history for the ordinary person, no ready means of getting an education or keeping up with world events. These are only a few of the many ways in which paper affects us and the world we live in.

Paper was first used by the Egyptians. True, the paper they used was only river weeds flattened and glued together. This early paper was very crude and was called papyrus, from which the name paper was derived. The Chinese are also known to have used it at an early date, although their paper was of a much better grade. Much later the Arabs learned how to make it, and it was introduced into Europe in the twelfth century.

The first paper mill was erected in Germany in 1336. Soon after, the Netherlands began producing paper, which was the best for many years. In 1588 a German, Spielman, obtained a special permit from Queen Elizabeth to manufacture England's paper. An English mill, erected in 1675, still makes paper today. Paper mills were also established in the United States in the early part of the eighteenth century. All paper was hand made prior to 1800, when a Frenchman, named Francois Didot, invented the first machine for the manufacture of it.

Paper making is a major industry in the United States and Canada. The materials used are usually wood pulp, rags, waste paper, and sulphur. The sulphur is in the form of a solution and is used to separate the cellulose from the wood in order to form wood pulp. The two main methods of making paper are the rag and wood pulp methods. They are very complicated and require a lot of machinery.

One could read much more about the history behind the making of paper. It is interesting to find out how much romance there is behind every ordinary article, even such a one as paper. John Bourne, '37.

SUNDOWN

In the west the sun was slowly disappearing beyond the horizon . In the sky the clouds were aflame with the rays of the huge ball of fire, showing colors that would put an artist to shame.

As the shadows fell, the noise and the bustle of the city turned into a strange quietness as practically all commerce came to an end. In the far-off country the chirping and singing of the joyful and carefree birds came to a hush.

In the low and sturdy white farmhouses lamps were lit and their soft, yellow glow could be seen out of the crystal clear windows. Through the stillness of the fast-growing darkness, one could hear the soft tinkling of bells as the cows were being led home to their barns.

In a short space of time all traces of the sun had disappeared and through the inky blackness of the sky stars began to twinkle to signify that another perfect day had come to an end.

Walter Young, '37.

THE ANCESTOR I RESEMBLE

They're always making
A scrap bag out of me.
First it's Grandpa's nose,
Then Grandma's knee.

Auntie Beth just loves my lips
They're so like Grandma Thom's
But, Auntie Lou, she loves my hips
'Cause they're just like my Mom's.

Uncle Ned will go in raptures
Over eyes of Auntie's blue
They seem to join a league against me
Mother's in it, too.

They tell me who I resemble
From my head down to my toes.
'Til I think I'm just a patchwork quilt.
Maybe I am, who knows?

But Dad's the only sensible one
In the whole "caboodle".
He says, "Never you mind, Honey.
All that matters is your 'noodle'."

Dorothy Ryan

RIVERS

How similar a river is to a human being! It begins its life as a tiny trickle high up in the mountains and, like an infant is at its birth, small and weak. As it grows it becomes stronger and resembles a child who has just learned to play.

A mountain stream has always fascinated me. It winds and twists among giant boulders forming little pools and cascades. Where it is going it does not seem to know or even less to care.

The mountain stream later becomes a youth,—strong, adventurous, and carefree. As it becomes larger it must leave its play and go to work at driving the wheels of industry and generating electricity to light the homes of people hundreds of miles away.

The river is a willing servant but sometimes it becomes angry and breaks loose from its confinement causing great loss of life and property.

Finally, after many experiences, the river comes out upon the lowlands and is content to lead a life of ease, like an old man who has worked hard and has earned his just reward. This river is broad and deep and carries upon its back the commerce of the great cities.

Finally the river comes to its end and is lost in the sea. It has come many hundreds of miles and has seen many things. What a wonderful story it could tell if it could only speak.

Burgess Brownson, '36.

ONE MINUTE

A minute is but a snap of the finger; yet it may contain an eternity.

When we look back at the days and years we have rushed through, or try to recall a minute of last night's sleep, we are amazed. Time passes so quickly.

But there are times when the minute apparently halts its mad flight and remains inert for a seeming eternity. Imagine, for instance, what must take place in the minute before we draw our last breath in this world. It has been said that in that minute many people relive every moment since their birth. Then again we all know how in the classroom, before our turn to recite what we haven't done, the minutes threaten us with their seeming endlessness!

This, to me, is the miracle of the minute as of time itself. It is a set unit only as we set it.

Years ago, and not so many either, people traveled by horse and by way of water at an average of around five miles an hour which is equal to a distance of four hundred and forty feet in one minute. Today we have multiplied this four hundred and forty feet to thirty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-two feet **in one minute**. This means that today we can travel eighty times farther in a minute than could our great-grandfather. Here we see that man is the one controlling factor in determining what a minute shall contain.

In other fields, in practically all of the sciences, we find the minute expanding in content—the physician working towards the goal of eternal life, and the physicist striving to make more and more sensations possible in this expanded or extra time.

Perhaps, just perhaps, life everlasting is not beyond the grave but, it may be that it lies within our own thought realm.

David Ingerson, '36.



SCHOOL NEWS



The new building has been completed and is a great improvement over the old one.

The lockers please the students very much. Now they don't have to worry about their coats being taken by mistake.

The laboratory is a wonderful room equipped with many useful things that were missing in the old one. The flowers grown by Mr. Stahura give the laboratory a charming touch.

The auditorium is one of the best on the Cape. Just to test its strength there was a donkey basketball game between the teachers and the Kiwanians recently!

The students find the lunch room a great improvement over the old one.

A dance was given by the Seniors with great success in December. It was called "The Senior Jubilee."

On April third the Juniors put on a "Miami" party which was very successful.

The Seniors are planning to present the Senior play, "The Ghost Train", on June 4.

The Sophomores gave the Freshmen a royal welcome at a party in February.

The Junior Prom will be on June 12 this year. The Bacchanalians from Northeastern University will furnish the music.

The several assemblies held in our new auditorium this year have been very successful, and very enjoyable. The two outstanding ones were those held when Dr. Samuel Grafflin of New York spoke on the "Five Keys to Success," and Mr. Burton Davis of Boston spoke on "The Romance of Ice."

There are several P. G's. this year. They came back to enjoy the new building, I guess!

Edward A. Sanford, Jr., who was graduated from the Bourne High School in 1933, and who at the present time is a middler in the College of Business Administration at Northeastern University, has been named on the Dean's list of Honor Students for the second marking period of the year.

Mr. Sanford has been a consistent high honor man, having been named on the Dean's list on eight previous marking periods since entering Northeastern. In his freshman year he worked for the "News", the weekly publication of the University, and in his second year was on the Fraternity Basketball team, and again worked for the "News". This year he has been elected to the position of Managing Editor of the "News".

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If you will but patronize these friendly advertisers you will be doing us a three-fold kindness. First, you will be showing our gratitude to those who made this book financially possible. Second, you will be making the publication of the Junior Magazine secure for the future. Finally, you will be creating a friendly spirit of co-operation between the advertisers, the students, and the faculty of Bourne High School.

Therefore, we sincerely recommend that you patronize our Advertisers.

Augustus F. Wagner, Jr.

Priscilla Gibbs

Advertising Managers.

SHAWME ORCHESTRA

The Shawme Orchestra attended two contests this year. The first in Quincy, Mass., on May 18, 1935, receiving high honors. On June 8, 1935, it attended the fourth annual convention of the New England Music Festival Association, winning the highest honors in its class.

During the year, the Orchestra has played at all school functions, and many others outside the school. Mr. Querze deserves the highest praise for his outstanding work in making this orchestra a success.

The officers of the orchestra this year are:

Leader—Mr. Adolfo Querze
President—Constance Mullaly
Secretary—Loring Huntley
Treasurer—Priscilla Davis

The members of the orchestra are:

Violins: E. Holway, E. Parsinen, Y. Querze, P. Davis,
M. Hoxie, F. Anderson, G. Nightingale, C. Healy,
M. Querze.
'Cello: J. Raymond, C. Mullaly, L. Harrison, A. Currier,
H. Pajunen.
Viola: V. Schuster
Clarinets: L. Huntley, B. French, R. Lindquist,
D. Handy
Trombone: W. Russell, J. Jillson.
Trumpets: V. Handy, M. Harrison, G. Ellis
Saxophones: B. Browson, R. Foster, R. Harris,
R. Davis.
Bassoon: J. Consoni.
Oboe: H. Coppi.
Alto Horn: H. Bartley.
String Bass: U. Bartley.
Flute: M. Kelleher, L. Crowell.
Piano: W. Toolas, J. Cassells.
Percussion: R. Metcalf, L. Jacobs, L. Burgess.

V. L. H. '37.

CHEERLEADERS

Last September when our school started the Football season, the school wanted more pep and school spirit. At our A. A. meeting there were six new cheer leaders elected:—

Margaret Fisher, '36
Virginia Berry, '37
Mary Vancini, '37
Marion Avery, '38
Dorothy Ryan, '38
Dorothy Hurley, '39

Mr. Peebles and Mr. Coady suggested new suits for them. In a week's time these were ready. These consisted of purple corduroy skirts and white woolen sweaters with a cheerleader's monogram. Candy was sold to pay for them.

New songs and cheers were composed and actions put to them by the cheerleaders. The favorite song seemed to be:

You've got to be a football hero
To get along with the Bourne High Girls
You've got to be a touchdown getter, Oh My!
If with the girls you want to get by.
So give a Rah! Rah! Rah! for Bourne High
Our teams will never admit defeat.
But before the end of Bourne High's season
We'll have the other Cape teams at our feet.

Virginia Berry, '37.



ALUMNI

1932

Earl Chase—Massachusetts State College
Constantine Coppi—Boston University.
Ralph Ellis—Franklin Institute.
Richard Jackson—Swain School of Art
Carolyn Lindberg—Bridgewater State Normal School.
Hope Swift—B. U. Sargent School of Physical Education.
Irene Taber—Deaconess Hospital.
Harold Colbeth—Harvard University.

1933

Virginia Chase—Bridgewater State Normal College.
Edward Koskela—Bridgewater State Normal College.
James Peebles—Bridgewater State Normal College.
Rita Lindberg—St. Luke's Hospital.
Edward Sanford—Northeastern University.
Edward Watt—Glendale Airport, California.

1934

Marion Brown—Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.
Constantine Christopulos—Harvard University.
Ruth Colbeth—New England Conservatory of Music.
Marion Eldridge—Pine Manor, Wellesley.
Ugo Tassinari—Holy Cross College.
Rena Van Buskirk—Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.
Taber Perry—U. S. Training Ship "Nantucket".

1935

Margaret Matheson—Simmons College.
Eleanor Porter—Massachusetts School of Art.
Barbara Harris—Massachusetts School of Art.
Stephen Hayes—Syracuse University.
Marjorie Barlow—Wilfred Academy, Boston.
Henrietta Stockley—Essex County Agricultural School.



ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The football team had a good season, winning three of its seven games, tying two, and losing two. Coach Demers worked hard during his practice sessions to fill the vacancies caused by the graduation of five veterans. This was done in a very capable manner as Bourne looked very promising in its first game, winning 6-0 over Provincetown. Bourne went on fighting hard the rest of the season and ended with a very presentable record. Gallerani and Smith were outstanding linemen, both being selected for the mythical Cape eleven. Tucker and Regassio played well in the backfield.

Lineup

LE—J. Smith
 LT—L. Huntley
 LG—G. Nightingale
 C—E. Cunningham
 RG—C. Handy
 RT—D. Gallerani
 RE—A. Tassinari
 Q—B. Bobba
 LHB—A. Regassio
 RHB—L. Pellegrini
 FB—H. Tucker

SUBSTITUTES

P. Neal
 W. Young
 G. Mosgrove
 F. Earle
 H. Coppi
 R. Lindquist
 N. Metcalf

MANAGER

S. Cook

BASKETBALL

Due to the graduation of last year's championship team, Coach Demers was faced with the problem of developing an entire new team. For this reason Bourne did not approach the enviable record of last year's team, but with the experience gained the past year Coach Demers developed a good

team for the coming season. All home games were played in the new auditorium. The varsity team was composed of:—

Forwards:—Harry Queen, P. Sanford.

Center:—W. Sanford.

Guards:—Positions evenly divided between Captain Griffith, Hunt, and Smith.

The Junior Varsity consisted of:—

J. Aylmer

E. Cunningham

M. Harris

G. Nightingale

P. Neal

BASEBALL

Bourne opened its season at Sandwich May 8, and was defeated, 9-2. The team, although losing its first game, looks forward to a promising season. All home games will be played on the new athletic field in the rear of the Grammar School. The members of the squad are:—

E. Cunningham

G. Ellis

W. Sanford

H. Coppi

B. Bobba

P. Sanford

H. Tucker

R. Metcalf

A. Regassio

F. Anderson

H. Queen

R. Lindquist

N. Metcalf

J. Bourne

S. Cook

T. Mula

J. Smith

Philip Sanford, '37.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls did their best this year, but as far as scores were concerned, the season was not an entire success. However, we tried to be good losers, took our defeats with a smile, and had a fine time working and playing together.

We played teams from the following towns: Plymouth, Wareham, Marion, Falmouth, and Sandwich.

HOCKEY TEAM

R. W.—M. Avery	R. F. B.—M. Perry
R. I.—B. Reynolds	L. F. B.—B. Berry
C. F.—E. Dill (Capt.)	G.—B. Lumbert
L. I.—V. Berry	
L. W.—M. Vancini	SUBSTITUTES—
R. H. B.—F. Ziegler	D. Dwyer
C. H. B.—D. Ryan	D. Hurley
L. H. B.—V. Milliken	P. Harding

BASKETBALL TEAM

C.—P. Davis	L. G.—M. Avery
S. C.—B. Murphy	
R. F.—B. Reynolds	SUBSTITUTES—
L. F.—E. Dill (Capt.)	E. Roza
R. G.—G. Pippin	J. Coady

B. Reynolds, '37.

WIT



HUMOR

JUNIOR CLASS SONG TITLES

- Harry Queen—"Everything I Do Is Wrong".
Barbara Wallace, Chessie Bianco—"Rhythm Is Our Business".
Shawme Orchestra—"The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round".
Lloyd Hendrick—"I Wish I Were Aladdin".
Mr. Wilson's Bus—"Old Faithful".
"Pete" Harris (on way to Monument Beach, about 7 P. M.)—"Trucking".
Fred Anderson—"I Ain't Gonna Study No More".
Ruth Benoit—"Okay, Toots".
Grant Ellis—"School Days".
James Gibbs—"Time on My Hands".
Ward Gibbs—"From Midnight Till Dawn" (I do my short-hand).
Fred Eldridge—"Sonny Boy".
Leslie Wing—"Howdy".
Walter Young—"I'm Fancy Free".
Constance Silva—"Good Morning To You".
John Bourne—"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".
Ruth Handy—"There's Nothing Like a College Education".
Virginia Handy—"The Bugle Song".
Emmie Dill—"A Little Bit Independent In Your Walk".
A. Wagner—"No Other One".
Two O'Clock—"Now the Day is Over".
Honor Roll—"I'm Sittin' High on a Hilltop".
From Honor Roll to Honorable Mention—"Broken Record".
Mr. Coady—"No, No, A Thousand Times No!"
Priscilla Gibbs—"A Little Bit Independent".
"Hamlet and MacBeth"—"Double Trouble".
Looking at the Clock—"Every Little Moment".
Gotta go to School—"It's Monday Again".
Report Cards—"Seeing is Believing".
Jean Coady—"Give Me the Wide Open Spaces" (when driving).

ALMANACK OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

September—

Month the new school building was initiated by pupils,
much to their delight.

Miss Marr on campaign to keep Juniors out of corridors.

November—

School going in full swing.

Month of high winds on certain corners.

Hitch-hikers getting scarcer.

December—

All pupils restless for annual vacation.

Three hitch-hikers freeze thumbs.

Freshmen are excited over who Santa Claus will be at
Christmas Party.

January—

This month was cold, colder, and coldest.

Basketball swings into its usual position in Mid-winter
sports—First.

February—

Seniors start to worry over what they are going to do
with their class money.

Miss Marr still on a campaign to keep the Juniors out of
the hall.

March—

Some say business is out of the red; won't it be nice when
girls' fingernails get out of the red, also.

Weather report is Windy and Rain, or Fair and Warmer.

Juniors tearing around trying to put magazine over big-
ger and better than ever.

April—

Miss Marr still on her hall campaign.

Junior Prom orchestra foremost of all questions.

Spring vacation.

May—

Many a dreamy look is cast out of the windows in the
Main Room.

Some students are casting eyes towards the back door.

Finals cause their worries.

Faculty Play.

June—

Miss Marr discontinues campaign until next Fall.

Junior Prom.

Senior Play, "The Ghost Train".

Finals in full swing, with vacation close, closer, and
closest.

Arthur Allen, '37.

THE JUNIORS IN ALPHABET

A is for Anderson, quiet, shy and small
B is for Bassett, carefree and tall.
C is for Coady, the principal's daughter
D is for Dwyer, who learns all that is taught her.
E is for Ellis, the head of our class
F is for Fisher, whom the teachers all pass.
G is for Gibbs, of which we have three
H is for Harris, a good fellow you see.
I is for ink blots over which we get mad
J is for Juniors the best ever had.
K is for Principal—Kempton J. C.
L is for Lindberg, another classmate is she.
M's for Miss Marr, who makes things hum
N is for Noontime—which we love to see come.
O is for old notes someone keeps rippin'
P is for Pete and also Miss Pippin.
Q is for Harry and Herman—the Queens
R is for Rovatti who is still in her teens.
S is for Sanford our basket ball hero
T is for Taber who in Math gets a zero (?)
U is for Useless and that means YOU!
V is for Vancini who never looks blue.
W is for Wagner whom we call "GUS".
X is for nothin', it's no use to us.
Y is for Yone who plays the violin—
Z I can't think of, so I'll have to give in!

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Arthur Allen—joined the navy?
"Recky" Anderson—didn't do his History?
Louise Barlow—forgot to do her French?
Barbara Bassett—was short?
Ruth Benoit—was noisy?
"Chessie" Bianco—couldn't dance?
Lorene Dwyer—couldn't sing?
Priscilla Gibbs—wasn't dainty?
Virginia Handy—forgot to do her homework?
Ruth Handy—was dumb?
Harry Queen—ever had a pencil?
Philip Sandford—ever found his right seat?
John Bourne—got an F?
Francis Hathaway—stopped playing jokes?
Barbara Wallace—stopped flirting?

JUST SUPPOSE

Virginia Berry was Virginia "Fruit"
 Gertrude Pippin was Gertrude "Blackstone"
 Cesarina Bianco was Cesarina "Black"
 Constance Silva was Constance "Gold"
 Harry Queen was Harry "King"
 Walter Young was Walter "Old"
 John Bourne was John "Sagamore"
 Leslie Wing was Leslie "Leg"
 Frances Brown was Frances "Blue"
 Lloyd Hendrick was Lloyd "Chickendrick"
 Philip Sandford was Philip "Mudford"
 Francis Hathaway was Francis "Hathaneer"

Mighty Cold

A man was complaining of the lack of warmth in the boarding house in which he was staying. "In the daytime it was bad enough," he said, "but at night I wake up and hear my teeth chattering on the dressing table!"

* * * * *

Mr. Coady: "Miss —, why didn't you do the last of these eight examples that I assigned? Did you get tired?"

Miss —: "No, but my eyes got weak and I couldn't even hold them open."

Mr. Coady (mumbling as he picks up the other pupils' home work): "Well, you should have been able to do those with your eyes shut!"

* * * * *

"There was a young man named Fisher,
 Who fished from the edge of a fissure,
 A fish with a grin
 Pulled the fisherman in
 And now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher."
 —Reprinted from Magazine.

* * * * *

Mr. Stahura: "Give me a sentence with the word 'vermin.'"

M. Harris: "Before I go fishin' I go vermin".

* * * * *

Miss Tapper: "What is meant by forgotten age?"

Hendrick: "A woman's."

* * * * *

Mr. Coady: "You say your wife has the worst memory on earth—does she forget everything?"

Mr. Stahura: "No, she remembers everything!"

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The identity of the young lady is withheld, but the memory of her answer lingers on with the instructor conducting a science course at a local high school. One of the requirements in the written quiz was "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any." The girl wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The startled instructor marked that one with a large "A".

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Forging Ahead

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The smith works like the deuce,
For now he's selling gasoline,
"Hot Dogs" and orange juice.

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Mother Came From There

"Where were you born?"

"Ireland."

"Why?"

"I wanted to be near my mother."

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No Fare

A subway patron lost his footing at the head of the entrance stairs and started to slide down in a most graceful manner. Halfway down, he upset a stout woman, who sat on his chest and joined him in the descent. At the foot of the stairs he looked up and said politely:

"End of the line, lady; this is as far as I go."

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Not Never

From a little handbook of advice to the budding journalist, I culled the following:

"Never put a preposition at the end of a sentence, no matter what paper you are writing in."

Sermons More Effective

"I think our congregation has turned the corner. We're getting a better class of button in the collection than we used to."

Annie Lee Handy

Community Subscription
Secretary

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Wing: "What is puppy love?"

Young: "Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life."

He: "When I die, how will I get that long white robe
over my wings?"

She: "Don't worry about that—think of how you'll
get your hat over your horns!"

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A FRIEND

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Hear Ye!

The codfish lays a million eggs,
The barnyard hen, but one;
But the codfish doesn't cackle
To show what she has done;
The codfish, we hear little about—
The cackling hen we prize—
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Eldridge: "You're nuts. You ought to get an alienist to examine you."

Hendricks: "An American doctor is good enough for me."

Nangle: "You complained about having spots before your eyes and the doctor told you to get a pair of glasses. Did they help you any?"

Hathaway: "Sure, now I see the spots much better."

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Merely Informative

"That means fight where I come from!"

"Well, why don't you fight, then?"

"Cause I ain't where I come from."

—
"And this is your bump of curiosity."

"Right, professor. I got that by sticking my head in the elevator shaft to see if the elevator was going up. It was coming down."

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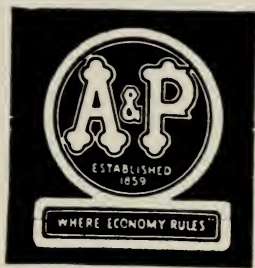
A Friend

The Rev. James Shera Montgomery greeted a packed audience at the Calvary M. E. Church on Easter Sunday with the remark: "I know some of you won't be back until next Easter, so let me wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

A Wife Is Something

"Are you looking for something in men's clothing, sir?" asked a shop-walker to a harassed-looking customer. Z

"Certainly not!" was the reply, "I'm looking for something in women's clothing. I've lost my wife."



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It happened in a night club in Saratoga Springs. A fellow was dancing all over everybody else on the floor. Suddenly he bumped into a young man. Growled the former: "Aw, why doncha learn to dance?" The other said nothing. He was Fred Astaire.

Simple Solution

"Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so hard I awaken myself."

"In that case I would advise you to sleep in another room."

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